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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1898.

[No. 11.]

What We Would Do For Jesus.

Jesus, we would please thee,
Please thee every day,
And we would obey thee,
Teach us, Lord thy way
Jesus, we would love thee,
For we all do know
That thou bledest and suffered
For thou lov'dst us so
Jesus, we would praise thee,
In our days of youth,
And we do so thank thee
For thy word of truth,
Jesus, we do trust thee,
For thy word is sure,
Saviour, come and bless us,
Make us clean and pure.

TOO BIG TO GO TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Some of the boys in H— church were beginning to think that they were too big to go to Sunday-school. And, luckily, just then Uncle Moses taught them a lesson. Everybody liked to hear Uncle Moses talk. He was a dear rosy-faced, twinkling-eyed old gentleman, and when he arose to address the children, every one, from the married folks in the Bible-class down to the smallest tot in the infant department, listened to him. "I notice there ain't so many boys here as there used to be," observed Uncle Moses. "And children, it reminds me of a little experience I had when I was out west. I was visiting a home on the prairie. There was no house near it, nor church, nor school-house. "But the family were Christian people, and the little daughter—Emily, they called her—was a very thoughtful and earnest little girl. "Don't you miss your Sabbath-school in the east?" I asked her. "Yes, sir," she replied, and then, drawing near me, she told me, confidentially, that she was going to have a Sabbath-school of her own. "Indeed!" I said. "And where are your scholars, pray?" "Oh, I will have my dolly and my birdie, and then—there's the little calf tied out in the yard." "Well, boys and girls, of course I was interested in that Sunday-school—it seemed such a unique one! "When I visited Emily again some months later I made respectful inquiries concerning it. "Oh, sir," said the little maid, soberly, "my Sunday-school is no more! The scholars are all gone! I lost my dolly; the bird flew away, and the calf—oh, the calf got too big to come to Sunday-school!" "And," added Uncle Moses, his blue eyes twinkling more merrily than ever, "when I see boys who think they are too big to come to Sunday-school, why I—I think—of that calf!"—Sunday-school Advocate.

HEROIC LIFE-SAVERS.

District Superintendent Jerome G. Klah, with headquarters at Sand Beach, Michigan, is one of the heroes of the Life-saving Service. He holds the gold medal, the highest award the United States Government can bestow for heroism in saving life. His name is associated with what was both one of the most daring attempts at rescue and one of the greatest tragedies of the service—a tragedy which wiped out an entire crew with the exception of this sole survivor.

Mr. Klah was at the time keeper of the Point aux Barques life-saving station on Lake Huron. A vessel struck too far out to be reached with the shot and line. The peril of attempting a rescue with the surf-boat was only too apparent; but Keeper Klah mustered his men, and made the launch. For a while

their strength and skill enabled them to surmount or push through the tumultuous seas; but, once in the open lake beyond the shoals, where the storm was free to riot at will, the real danger began. It was a test beyond human powers. The keeper remembers that twice the boat capsized and was righted. After that he has a vague recollection of the boat capsizing and righting herself several times, and of the crew clinging to it until, one by one, the surfmen, perishing of cold, let go their hold, and vanished beneath the waves. He has a dim remembrance of the boat, with himself clinging to it, grating over the shoal, and then being flung up on shore. He was found by two men, standing, with one hand on the root of a fallen tree, steadying himself with a lath in the other, and swaying as if walking, but not stirring his feet—a dazed, tottering

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

There is no more interesting or instructive page of history than that which relates the story of a long struggle between an unhappy prince and his people. The details of the civil war between Cromwell's "Ironsides" and Charles I. are ever a fruitful subject for reflection, and the tragic end of the long struggle is depicted in the accompanying illustration more clearly than words can tell it.

In 1645, not a year after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, the cause of Charles was completely overthrown, and he soon afterwards surrendered himself to the Scots. Even then, however, Cromwell had no desultory views, when a letter fell into his hands in which, writing to his wife, Charles said: "For Cromwell and Ireton I des'gn no reward,

on this earth with Bishop Juxon. The interview is thus given by the historian Hume:

"At the last moment Bishop Juxon said to the king: 'There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way, it will carry you from earth to heaven, and you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory.' 'I go,' replied the king, 'from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place.'"

One blow was sufficient, and the executioner, holding up the head of the king, uttered those historic words— "This was the head of a traitor."

"NEWNESS OF LIFE."

In youth, especially, we like new things. Many things as they are growing old lose attractiveness, and we weary of them. We study with more zest sometimes from the new book. We wear the new cloak or the new hat with a consciousness of its nicety and freshness, and we handle with a tender care the articles we use for the first time.

There is a charm in newness and freshness that extends even to our idea of "newness of life." We are tired often of our old ways, of our old selves and feel as if we would give them all for a new start in another direction.

"Am I not right, young friends?" is the middle-aged or those advanced in life who are most weary of the old, and long most for the new? Not at all! We long, but we long with far less hope upon us the old habits are strong the old ways fixed, we are farther on. It is less easy to change. Our souls less easily take on new ways, as our bodies less easily adjust themselves to new clothes. We feel the necessity for change, but find it less easy to make it. "But you, who are young and strong, and fresh for any work, find it easier to adjust your thoughts, your feelings, and actions to a new life. It will be easier now than ever it will be again. This year is new. Over all the old marks that sin has made upon the past God will, if you wish it, let the white mantle of mercy fall, as he has let the snow fall over the dust and hardness of the brown earth.

"Whiter than snow." Yes, even though the sin stains be of "scarlet" or of "crimson," they shall be "whiter than snow." By his help the "old things shall pass away, and all things become new." The "old things," anything that you do not like in yourself, anything that God knows about you which you would not for the world have anybody else know, anything that hinders your progress, any old habit of mind or body—all the old things shall "pass away."

Think of what becomes of things that pass away. They are gone, they have no more power to trouble us, we are done with them.

And the "all things" that shall become new, means all old, wilful, and wrong wishes; all wicked acts; all waywardness; all our indolence and love of self—all things new. New motives, new affections, new courage, new power over sin, in short, "newness of life."

What glad, strong, courageous, earnest creatures the new heart and the new life will make of us we can never tell till it is ours. Why not begin at once? Why not put your life into the hands of the loving Christ, and let him make the old and evil things "pass away, and make all things new"? He wants to do it. You want it done. Why not let it be done now?

Small Daughter—"It's most school-time, and I've mislaid my geography." Cultured mother—"Well, tell me what the lesson is about, and I'll write out the answer for you to learn." Small Daughter—"The lakes of Africa." Cultured Mother—"Um—er—if you've mislaid your geography you careless child, you can just hunt till you find it."



EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

wreck of his former self, murmuring in an incoherent way:

"Poor boys! Poor boys! They are all gone—all gone!" Temporarily shattered in mind and body, he was obliged to resign from the service. He was long in recovering, but finally it was possible practically to reward his bravery with the appointment to his present position.

Among the attractions of the Paris exhibition of 1900 is a huge telescope, by means of which the moon will appear at a distance of but thirty-eight miles.

but that for a silken garter they should be fitted with a hempen rope." Then Cromwell saw that it was to be his own life or the king's.

After being moved as prisoner from one castle to another, the king was at length brought before a specially constituted court in Westminster Hall, and on January 27th, 1649, was sentenced to death.

In our illustration we see the scaffold which was erected in front of Whitehall, and on it, awaiting his doom, Charles is exchanging the last words he ever spoke

The Children.

Hear the tiny pattering feet,
Tripping o'er the floor;
Up and down the house they beat
'Till they reach my door

Now with merry laugh and shout,
Peep little faces fair
In the room and round about,
'Then climb into my chair

Little hands are busy there,
In some mischief more,
From the basket lying near
Goes my treasure store

Mamma's watch they hold with glee
Close to their tiny ears,
And wonder what the time can be—
These precious little dears!

From opening morn till closing night,
They fill our home with love,
As angels with their presence bright,
'The Father's home above

—The Youth's Instructor

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 16, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW.

The helper and the keeper.—Psalm 121.

Many of these Psalms were written by David, the "sweet singer of Israel," and some of them were doubtless composed when he was a shepherd tending his flock on the fields of Bethlehem. Exposed to attack by the lion and the bear, or by robbers of the desert, he felt that God was his helper. When he himself was hunted "like a partridge upon the mountains," and fleeing from his rebellious son Absalom, he still put his trust in God. "My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

Even the most watchful cannot keep awake all the time, and even if he could, he might be attacked amid the darkness, or betrayed in the light. But the Psalmist put his trust not in horses, nor in chariots, nor in human defence, but said, "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is my helper."

In that hot country, where the sun blazes like a furnace in the sky, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land is especially grateful and refreshing. Such, says the Psalmist, is the Lord—"thy shade upon thy right hand." Let us put our trust in God and we shall never be confounded.

DONKEY WORSHIP IN INDIA.

At Mudhalpatti, in India, they worship Madai Swami, or the "hairy god." There is a curious story about his origin. The neighbourhood of Mudhalpatti is generally very fertile, being watered by a small stream which seldom dries up.

A hairy, lame donkey, which was driven away once by a dhuby, resorted to the banks of the stream, and was enjoying its delights. This donkey was

in the habit of sleeping in an adjacent Kali temple, after grazing in the beautiful meadows. On a certain day it was found dead inside the said temple.

Although it was the desire of many to remove the carcass from the temple, yet there were a few who objected to such procedure. They said that it was the incarnation of their deity, and, as such, they were bound to bury the carcass with all solemnity and devotion, lest the whole village be placed under a perpetual curse.

This idea was at once taken up by the others, and they all agreed in saying that the donkey was no other than their lord, the Shada Maharajah of old, who was the husband of Kallamma.

Accordingly, they made arrangements to give an honourable burial to the deceased donkey. Tom-toms and bugles, and new cloths and flowers were ordered, and the carcass was buried with all pomp and pride.

When they wanted one or two persons to get themselves shaved for the rite of Karumanthram, to crown and complete the burial ceremony as usual, Karuppan, Achari, and Swamikannu Nadar bowed their heads to their barbers.

Thus ended the burial ceremony of their hairy god. From that time forward people have offered coconuts, plantains, etc., on the donkey's grave, and worship him as their god.—Missionary Gleaner.

KEEPING A SECRET.

It was when Molly was getting over the measles that mamma told her about Tom's birthday party. It was to be a bicycle party, and the boys were all to bring their bicycles; and Tom's father was going to give him one for a birthday present.

"Oh, goody!" cried Molly, jumping up and down. "Won't Tom be just too happy for anything?"

"Now, Molly," said mamma, "you must be very careful not to tell Tom anything about it. You mustn't even look as if you knew about it."

"Can't I tell anybody? Not even Arabella Maria?" asked Molly. "Cause I shall surely burst if I don't."

"Yes," said mamma, laughing, "you may tell Arabella Maria, but no one else."

This was hard. That very afternoon Tom came rushing in from school, and told Molly about Billy's new improved safety.

"I'd give something if I just knew I'd get a wheel for my birthday," said he. "But, when father was telling me about the scarcity of money last night, I knew that meant no safety for this year."

"Bye low, bye low," sang Molly to Arabella Maria, who, because she was made of rags, and limber, Molly loved, as she said she was so nice and "huggy." Molly kept her eyes shut tight for fear Tom would see a nickel-plated bicycle in them.

"Why don't you talk and be a comfort?" demanded Tom. "I suppose, if it was your birthday coming, you wouldn't mind. You'd rather have an old mushy doll like that!" indicating the beloved Arabella Maria with a scornful finger.

This was too much for Molly to bear. Her eyes flew open with a flash. "It isn't so at all!" said she. "I wouldn't want another doll at all, and I do want a bicycle. Every girl in the block has one but me. And Arabella Maria is not mushy, and she knows a great deal that you would be glad to know."

And then Molly, feeling that she was getting on dangerous ground, flew upstairs, holding Arabella Maria close up against her mouth.

Uncle Tom and mamma were sitting on the porch quite near the open window, and heard all this conversation. Uncle Tom was much amused, and mamma very proud.

"I can make her tell me," said Uncle Tom.

"Try," said mamma, as she went indoors to toast her muffins for tea.

Molly presently found herself seated on Uncle Tom's knee; and after she had told him all about the measles, and how it was a great surprise to everybody that Arabella Maria didn't take them, "But she's the best thing!" said Molly. "I told her not to, 'cause I couldn't nurse her; and she didn't."

"What's this about Tom's birthday?" said Uncle Tom. "I want to know about it."

But Molly immediately shut her mouth up tight and looked up at the sky. "It's a secret," she said finally.

"But not from me, is it? You know he's my namesake; and how do you know I won't get him the same thing?"

Molly looked troubled. "There is a danger," she said; "but, if I should tell you, you might let it out,—not on pur-

pose,—'cause it's so hard not to. I don't want to ever have the 'sponsibility of another secret, never."

Well, well, and so you can't trust me," said Uncle Tom.

I wouldn't mind trusting you at all if I hadn't promised I wouldn't tell," said Molly. "And me and Arabella Maria must keep our word, you see. Now, if it was about my birthday, I could tell you just as well as not, 'cause I wouldn't know—"

But Uncle Tom was laughing so hard that Molly stopped. "Good for you, Molly," he said; "you're a trump!" Molly didn't know at all what he meant, but she was much relieved that he was not offended.

When Tom's birthday, with the party, the safety and all, really came, it was hard to tell which was the happier, Tom or Molly.

Every time that Tom felt things boiling within him to such an extent that he couldn't possibly stand it another minute, he would rush out on the lawn, and look at his new wheel, and say: "Hurrah! She's a daisy!" and turn somersaults until he felt better. At the same time Molly would rush after Arabella Maria, and, with a rapturous squeeze, would say: "Aren't we glad we didn't tell, though, 'cause he's so happy over the 'sprise."

By-and-bye they all went out for a spin around the block; and there, among the shuling wheels, was a dear little one, whom no one claimed. Tom picked up a card on the handle-bar, and read:

"For Molly and Arabella Maria, two young women who know how to keep a secret from even Uncle Tom."

"Oh, oh!" said Molly, dancing up and down. "Arabella Maria, we're the happiest girls in this world, I know."—Churchman.

HYMNS IN CHILDHOOD.

"I like to go to meeting," writes Miss Larcum, in her charming narrative of "A New England Girlhood." She was a child, but "going to meeting" sometimes implied wearing a new bonnet and her best white dress and muslin. "Vandyke," a fact which made her willing to stand up through the "long prayer" and sit through the "ninthlines" and "tenthlines" and "fifelines" of the sermon.

She seldom remembered anything that the preacher said, except now and then some word which sounded well, such as "dispensations," "decrees," "ordinances," "covenants." Not understanding the long words by which he tried to explain the Bible, she fell into the habit of taking refuge in the hymn-book, and often learned two or three hymns in a Sunday forenoon or afternoon.

She soon discovered there was a difference in hymns, and learned only such as she liked. A melodious echo, or sonorous ring, or the hint of a picture, or some sacred suggestion caused her to prefer certain hymns to others. Yet she liked some of these others because she misunderstood them and could make a free version as she murmured them over.

One of her favourites began with the words:

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve."

She had no idea of its meaning, but made up a little story out of it, with herself as the heroine. She did not know that the last line of the second stanza was bad grammar:

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose,"—

but thought that the "sin" was something pretty, that looked like a "mountain-rose." She had never seen mountains, but took it for granted that a rose on a mountain must be prettier than the wild roses on the hill near her house. She, the heroine, would pluck that rose, and carry it up the mountain-side into the temple where the king sat, and would give it to him; and then he would touch her with his sceptre, and let her through into a garden full of flowers.

Miss Larcum's childhood was passed in the country, and therefore she loved hymns that suggested flowers, trees, skies, and stars, such as:

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

When she repeated that hymn, she understood it to mean that the anemones and violets—the short-lived children of the shivering New England spring—would be on through the cloudless, endless year of the heavenly land.

She lived near the ocean, and when the salt wind came through the open door as the choir sang of "seas of heavenly rest," she, wondering how a world could be beautiful where "there was no more sea," concluded that the hymn and

the text could not contradict each other, and that something like a sea must be in heaven.

The child had a poet's imagination while crooning over

"At anchor laid, remote from home,
Tolling I cry, Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay!
But spread my sails, and speed my way,"

she had the feeling of being rocked in a boat on a beautiful ocean, from whose far-off shores the sunrise beckoned.

BERTIE'S BALL.

"Up, up, up it goes, and down, down, down it comes," sung Bertie Brown, as he tossed his rubber ball up against the house and caught it again. "Up, up," he began once more; and, sure enough, it did go up this time, away up on top of the porch. Bertie waited to see if he could say, "Down, down;" but he couldn't, for the ball didn't; it stayed up there. Bertie stood around and waited a while, but finally concluded to go and play horse with Sam Clark, who lived next door, and ask papa to get the ball when he came home.

When papa came, he told Bertie that there was no way to get the ball then. He would have to wait till the storm windows upstairs were taken off, for he had no ladder long enough to reach up to the roof.

Bertie missed his ball, for he was very fond of it; and the worst of it was that he could see it from his mamma's window upstairs.

One day while mamma was dressing he stood looking out of the window and wishing, O so hard, that he could get his ball, when a little snow-bird came fluttering down to the roof, peeped in at the window, and then hopped right upon the ball. It gave a little roll, which must have frightened the bird; for with a swift motion it sped away, and the ball rolled softly over the edge of the porch and dropped to the ground. You can scarcely imagine how surprised Bertie was. He ran down to the yard in a twinkling, and there was his ball in a little nest of dry leaves. He has always felt very sure that the snowbird knew how much he was wishing for the ball, for this is a true story; and how else can you account for what the little bird did?—Youth's Companion.

ONE CHILD'S WORK.

An old Sunday-school superintendent asked his pupils to bring, each of them, a new scholar to Sunday-school. One went to his father and said: "Father, will you go to Sunday-school with me?"

"I can't read, my son," replied the father.

"Our teacher will teach you," answered the boy, with feeling in his tones.

"Well, I'll go," said the father.

He went, learned to read, sought and found the Saviour, and at length became a colporteur. Years passed on; and that man has established four hundred Sunday-schools, into which thirty-five thousand children were gathered.

Thus we see what trying did. This boy's efforts were like a tiny rill, which soon swells into a brook, and at length it becomes a river. His efforts saved his father, who, being saved, led thirty-five thousand children into Sunday-school. Do you know what the Bible promises to them "that turn many to righteousness"?—Christian Herald.

A HOLE UNDER YOUR OWN BERTH.

If you had your own little berth at the bottom of a great ship, would you have a right to cut a hole ever so little in the ship's bottom under your berth? Would not the whole ship go down? Dear child, if you drink wine in ever such little glasses, it will do harm like the hole in the ship. Sorrow, sickness, sin, death, will rush in upon you; and not only to you will harm come. Mother's hair will turn white with sorrow, father's head will bow with shame. To all who love you it will do more harm than I can tell. Do not make the little hole; keep the fair home ship strong and taut.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

"Some one took an umbrella from the hallway of a Lewiston man's house," says The Gazette, of Lewiston, Me., "and about the same time the dog was missed. A search was made; and the dog was at last found in a Lisbon Street store, and standing near him was the missing umbrella. A stranger had come into the store, followed by the dog. When he went out, he left the umbrella, which the dog carefully guarded until his owner appeared."

Take Heart Again.

Think not that God deserts the field,
Though Truth the battle loses;
But grasp again Faith's sword and shield,
And follow where he chooses.
He shrouds himself in dark events,
No mortal eye beholds him,
And many an adverse providence
As in a cloud enfolds him.

We see Truth's foes closing around,
Distrusting her resources;
Faith fills the teeming battle-ground
With chariots and wild horses.
And, lo, God's standard rises clear,
Amid the smoke and thunder,
Embattled armies disappear,
Or into fragments sunder.

The baffled surf ebbs to the sea,
As though its task forsaking,
But to return more mightily,
In greater volumes breaking.
What God has sworn shall yet be done,
No power of man can stay him,
Upon the seas he plants his throne,
And all the waves obey him.

Soldiers of Christ, take heart again,
Fear not dark portents solemn,
God moves across the battle plain,
In many an unseen column.
The very stars of the blue night,
As they fulfil their courses,
Shall wheel obedient in the fight,
And add them to our forces.

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE LITTLE WHITE SHOES.

BY FRANCIS E. WILLARD.

I write down the following story from memory. It was related by one of the original crusaders of Ohio, in an audience where I was present:

"One morning during the crusade a drunkard's wife came to my door:

"She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: 'My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us. He is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?'

"Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: 'Why not have this husband of your converted?'

"But she answered, hopelessly: 'Oh! there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink.'

"I'll come and see him this afternoon," said I.

"He'll insult you," she replied.

"No matter," said I; 'my Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord.'

"That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message: 'My pa says he won't see any one.'

"But I sent him a message proving that I was, indeed, in earnest. I said: 'Go back and tell your pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay till after supper.'

"I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"What do you want?" he demanded, as he came shuffling into the room.

"Please be seated, and look at this paper," I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

"He read it slowly, and then broke out violently: 'Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I am not going to sign away my personal liberty.'

"Do you think you can stop drinking?"

"Yes, I could, if I wanted to."

"On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum-shop down on the corner."

"No, I ain't any such thing."

"I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl."

"No, I don't either."

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare."

"That's so, madam."

"And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own wife. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I came here, and I find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere she must walk."

"You speak the truth, madam."

"You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking, if you choose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine, brick house, and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself."

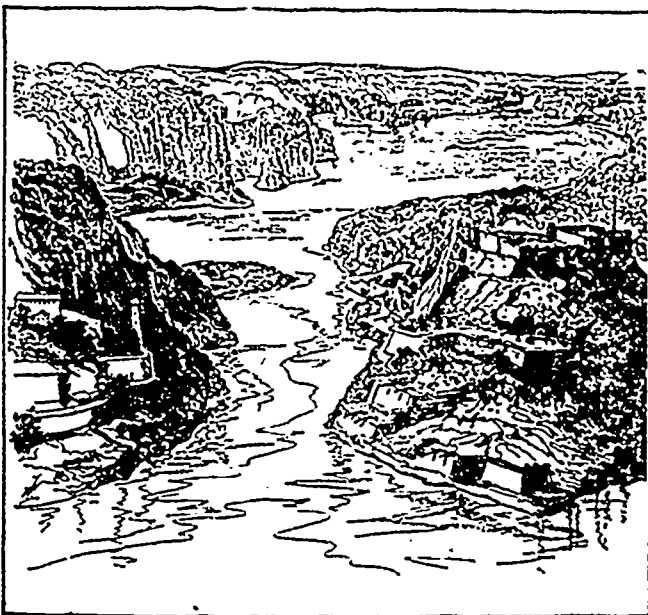
"I never saw it in that light before. Then holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued: 'You speak the truth, madam—I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it; but to-morrow, if you call, I will sign the pledge.'

"That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave, and cannot keep it. But I do want to tell you this, there is One who can break your chains and set you free."

"I want to be free."

"Well, Christ can set you free, if you'll submit to him, and let him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you."

"It's been many a long year since I prayed."



SANTIAGO HARBOUR.

"No matter, the sooner you begin, the better for you."

"He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God.

"His wife knelt beside me, and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple, and broken in sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.

"O God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me, a sinner. And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and he heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and every burden; and he arose, a free, redeemed man.

"When he arose from his knees he said, 'Now I will sign the pledge and keep it.'

"And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday-school with white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till.

"But what struck me most of all was, that it took less than two hours of my time to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty, whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace."

MOTHER'S SUNSHINE.

Something was the matter with Ray's mother, and Ray felt very badly about it. He had never seen her cry like that before, and he did not know what to make of it. It was storming very hard.

Perhaps she wanted to go out and couldn't. Ray always cried when it stormed too hard for him to go out on his new little red sled. Yes, it must be the weather, because he knew she wasn't sick and she hadn't hurt herself.

"Mamma, dear," he said, going up to her, "is you cryin' cause the naughty sun won't shine? Never mind, mamma, dear, I's your little sunshine."

His mother did not answer.

"Isn't I your sunshine, say, mamma, dear? Please don't cry any more. Smile up your face, or Ray will cry, too."

"Yes, yes," answered his mother.

"Then smile up your face, and say I is your sunshine," insisted Ray, with a smile as sunny as a May morning on his own face.

"Yes, darling; you are mother's sunshine. The winds may blow and the rains may beat against me, but as long as God spares me my dear little boy my life will be full of sunshine."

Ray hung around mother all day, and every time she looked sad he said again: "Is I your sunshine, mamma, dear?"

A pompous bishop was having his portrait painted, and, after sitting for an hour in silence he thought he would break the monotony.

"How are you getting along?" he inquired. To his astonishment the artist, absorbed in his work, replied, "Move your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

Not being accustomed to such a form of address, his lordship asked, "May I ask why you address me in that manner?"

The artist, still absorbed in his work, replied, "I want to take off a little of your cheek."

walls of the building are three feet thick, of solid cement, hardened to the solidity of marble, with windows one foot square, set in at various and unexpected places in its front wall. The door posts are set in the ground ten feet, and the building, as is evidenced by its strength, was built to resist the frequent earthquakes.

Few vehicles are seen in the streets, and when seen the poor beasts of burden are to be commiserated, as there is absolutely no care given to the animals, the owner apparently desiring only to get as much work as possible out of the beasts before they surrender to fate and drop dead in their tracks.

Half-way up the hill, back of the city, situated upon a plaza, where the military band plays on certain evenings, stands the cathedral, the most pretentious structure in Santiago. The cathedral is the largest and finest on the island of Cuba, but its walls, built of porous stone, which is steadily crumbling away, give it the appearance of being moth-eaten. Gambling-houses are wide open and an unobstructed view can be obtained from the streets of the interiors of these resorts, where the Spaulard and Cuban can get rid of their surplus cash.

The exports have been steadily decreasing since 1885, noticeably in copper ore, in which they at one time amounted to 25,000 tons annually, but now they have dwindled to greatly diminished quantities.

AWFUL HARD.

"Course I'd like to be a Christian, but it's awful hard," said Cecil.

"So is getting rich or getting on a football team or—running a bank," said Cecil's big brother. He belonged to the senior Endeavour Society, and Cecil to the Junior.

"Why, papa runs a bank"

"Yes, and he says it's true what some man said: 'A bank never succeeds until it gets a president who takes it to bed with him.'"

"Takes it to bed with him! How can a man take a bank to bed with him?"

"Why, it means to think about it night and day, whenever he's awake. Fact is, everything's hard that's good for anything; but you don't care if it is hard if you want it."—Mayflower.

RULES TO BREAK.

1. Come late to church. (Psa. 84. 10.)
2. If too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold, do not come. (Psa. 122. 1.)
3. Have no interest in prayer-meeting; if you come, neither pray nor testify. (Acts 3. 1.)
4. Never bring any one to church with you. (John 1. 41.)
5. Never speak well of your church, but tell every one how cold and dead the church is. (Psa. 137.)
6. Don't welcome a stranger, nor shake his hand. (Heb. 13. 2.)
7. When sick, don't let your pastor know; you then can tell your neighbours how he has neglected you. (John 11. 3.)
8. Make divisions by insisting on having your own way. (Psa. 133; Isa. 3. 14-16.)
9. Don't give to the church, nor for missions. (1 Cor. 16. 2, Matt. 28. 19.)
10. Don't come to Sunday-school. (Matt. 18. 4.)
11. Never speak to any one about Christ; the pastor is to do that. (Jas. 5. 20.)

N.B.—Break all these rules every day, and the strength of God's Spirit will be in the church.—Sunday-school Times.

THE GIFTS OF THE BIBLE.

A pleasant exercise for a children's meeting would be one which would teach the boys and girls about the gifts God has promised through the Bible.

At the preceding session each child could be instructed to bring to the Gift Meeting a slip of paper containing a passage of Scripture in which God has promised us some blessing or some gift. These slips could be collected and read aloud, and as each is read the child who brought it could rise and tell where it is to be found. Each could also later be asked to repeat the verse that he brought.

Among the most notable passages containing reference to gifts are John 3. 16, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Also Matthew 11. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Likewise John 14. 27: "My peace I give unto you." Other passages are Acts 17. 25, 1 John 5. 11; 1 Corinthians 12. 7; James 1. 5; Revelation 2. 10.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA ONE OF THE OLDEST CITIES IN THE WORLD.

FOUNDED FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The name Santiago given to the former capital signifies in English St. James. The streets are all alike, and apparently have not been repaired since first constructed four hundred years ago. Starting at the shore, the streets, which are very narrow, run directly up the hillside a distance of one hundred and fifty feet or more. Tropical rains have washed great gutters down the roads, in some places three or four feet deep, and the traffic has uprooted the cobblestones laid hundreds of years ago, and left in the road pitfalls and mantraps for the unwary. The main street, upon which the American Consul lived, is in such a condition of decay that no effort is made to drive a vehicle through it, and even a horseman cannot ride through it after dark. There is risk in attempting to navigate the street on foot in broad daylight. Most of the streets have cement sidewalks, ten or fifteen inches wide, but in some streets even this accommodation is done away with.

Santiago has the reputation of being the most unhealthy city in Cuba. Hemmed in by mountains, with all the city's filth festering in the sun, it is surprising that yellow fever does not make the city its regular abiding place, instead of visiting it annually, as it does.

Houses of the better class in the city are as unlike as two peas, and a description of one answers for all. Take the building which was occupied by the American Consul, situated in a street absolutely impassable for anything but pedestrians. It is necessary, should one be driving, to leave the carriage at the corner of the street, and pick his way down the so-called sidewalk to the old-fashioned building recognized as the Consul's home by the American eagle, which surmounts the keystone. The

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JUDAH

**LESSON III -- OCTOBER 16
THE TEMPLE REPAIRED**

2 Chron. 24. 4-13. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT

And the men did the work faithfully
2 Chron. 34. 12.

OUTLINE

1. The Purpose of the King, v. 4-8.
2. The Gifts of the People, v. 9-11.
3. The Repairs of the Temple, v. 12. 13
Time.—878-856 B.C.

Place—Solomon's temple, Jerusalem

HOME READINGS.

- M The temple repaired 2 Chron 24 4-13.
Tu Another record.—2 Kings 12. 1-12
W Repairing by Josiah 2 Chron 34 1-12.
Th The ransom money—Exod. 30 11-16
F. Willing gifts.—1 Chron. 29 6-17.
S. A widow's offering—Mark 12 38-41
Su. Love for God's house.—Psalm 84

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Purpose of the King, v. 4-8.
What plous purpose had King Josiah?
Whom did he call to be helpers?
What did he command them to do?
How well did the Levites obey?
Whom did the king call to account for the delay?
What had Jehoiada done for Josiah?
What did he say to Jehoiada?
Who had laid waste the house of the Lord?
What had become of the sacred things?
How were "the sons of A'hallah" related to Josiah?
What did the king order, and where was it placed?
2. The Gifts of the People, v. 9-11.
What proclamation was made to Judah?
How was this order received?
How did the people show their joy?
What officers took charge of the money?
What shows that the people gave liberally?
3. The Repairs of the Temple, v. 12, 13.
To what workers was the money paid out?
How ought any good work to be done, and why? Eccles. 9. 10.
What is our Golden Text?
What good end was accomplished?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. Love for God's house?
 2. Zeal for God's cause?
 3. Joy in God's service?

"GIVEUPPITY."

Two little sisters, Daisy and Bess, had been given a parasol, which was to be held and shared in common. It was a dainty bit of blue satin, with such glory of ribbons and lace as might well charm the most exacting little girl. They were to carry it "time about," but mamma, noticed at the end of a week that Bessie's "time" never seemed to come, although the unselfish little girl made no complaint.

One day, as they started for a walk, Miss Daisy, as usual, appropriated the coveted treasure, and gentle Bess was moved to remonstrance. "Sister, it's my time to carry it."

"No, it's not, it's my time. I haven't had it hardly a bit," retorted little Miss Temper, with a flash of her brown eyes as she grasped the parasol more tightly.

"Daisy," interposed mamma, "give it to your sister. She has let you have it every day, and you must learn to give up."

"O mamma, I can't! There is no 'giveuppity' in me," sobbed the little girl, dropping the parasol and hiding her flushed face in her apron.

Ah, little one, you spoke more wisely than you knew. "No 'giveuppity' in me." How many of us must learn through sorrow and tears that we cannot fitly do the Father's will without "giveuppity" in our hearts!—Mrs. Eva W. Malone, in Sunday school Visitor.

"Your son writes for the newspapers, I understand?" "Yes; my boy is mighty smart, if I do say it myself that shouldn't." "Does he use a pseudonym in his writing?" "Oh, no, he can't write with the pesky machines. He has to do it by hand."



RESTORING THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.—2 CHRON. 24. 4-14.

FLYING SQUIRRELS.

The principle on which these squirrels are able to fly is exactly the same as that by which a man is able to descend through the air, from a great height, under a parachute. The skin between the four feet is expanded so as to offer sufficient resistance to the wind to prevent the animals descending in a direct line. Thus they leap from tree to tree in a slanting direction, but are unable to start and fly upwards a single foot beyond what an agile jump can accomplish. In the case, however, of a long leap of forty or fifty yards, we are told that the impetus of the descent enables the squirrel to re-ascend about one-third of the distance it descended. This species is found all through the Southern States and another variety is common to Lower Canada, while a third is known in Siberia and certain parts of Russia.

As our illustration shows, they are gregarious in their mode of life and traverse the forests together in large numbers.

BROKEN STAYS.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

At the point where the Niagara river emerges with deadly current and impetuous rush from its narrow channel, and peacefully passes to Lake Ontario, the remaining cables of an old suspension bridge swing in all their rusty uselessness from Queenston Heights to the Lewiston Hill, and from them a few yards of the original planking of the structure form a pathetic ruin of the first bridge that spanned the gorge. If the old bridge had the power of speech, and you were to ask the reason for its wreck, it would answer in two words:

"Broken Stays!"

And if you gained its confidence, it might go on to tell the story more in detail:

"It was a cold, raw, autumn night. No sign of life came from the sleeping villages on the Canadian and American banks of the river—settlements which in 1812 received shot and shell from each

other. No sound reached me but that which I had heard from my birth: the low-pitched voice of the river one hundred and fifty feet below, still uttering the note of savagery learned in rapid and whirlpool. Not a stir of wind disturbed my cables and supports, and you could scarce have felt a tremour along my whole length.

"But somewhere up the river a wind was suddenly born—a wind of anger and fury, fierce sudden and loud. Down through the funnel of the great cliffs it came toward me and dealt me a mighty blow. I had withstood twenty years of storm and stress before this—now rocking easily with a summer breeze, now wrenching uneasily and groaning mightily with the swish and sweep of a wintry blast. But in this tempest of the 'sixties I trembled, for the first time in my life, with the tremble of a great fear. It was not that I cared for the blowing away of a plank here and there and its headlong hurl to the black pit of water beneath, nor with the creaking of timber and cable as I madly swung from side to side. My great fear was born when the first stay snapped!

"Another and another separated with sharp reports like artillery amid the deeper voices of a battle. Whole sections of the floor fell away, forming swirling rafts on the surface of the waters. The very foundations uttered their cry as if the whirlwind—the brother of the whirlpool—would wreck them too. Then came the end. I was a hopeless wreck, and never since has man or beast travelled over what remains of my once complete self. The trouble? you ask. Broken stays! Broken stays!"

And the poor old bridge, with its few remaining strands and loosened props swinging idly at the whim of every passing breeze, shivered as it swayed, remembering again the great storm.

Broken stays!

How many lives, like the old suspension bridge, have been shipwrecked in the same way: insecure stays, parted cables, a storm of temptation, a whirlwind of sin, a wreck! This is a dark life picture, though a frequent one. The bright one is seen in the foundation verse of Isaiah:

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—Well-spring.

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